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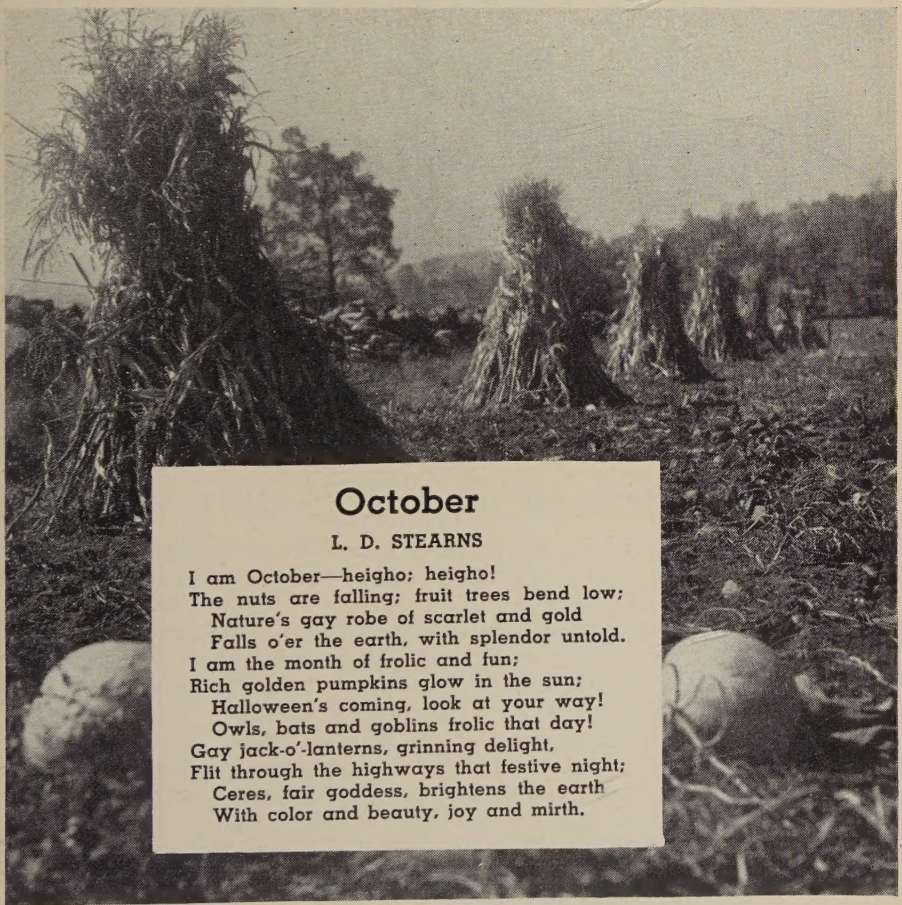
The Liberalist

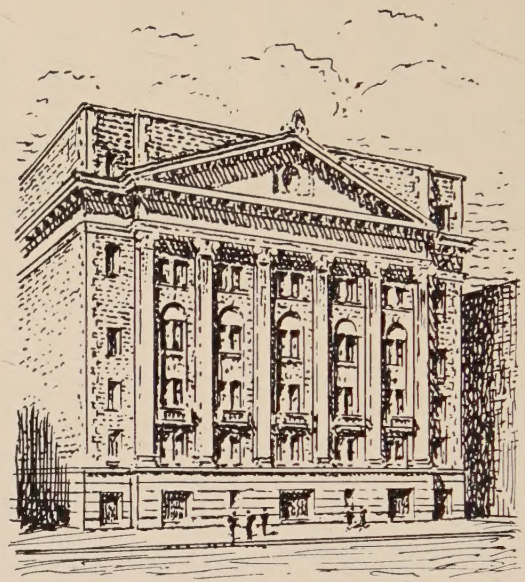
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



October

L. D. STEARNS

I am October—heigho; heigho!
The nuts are falling; fruit trees bend low;
Nature's gay robe of scarlet and gold
Falls o'er the earth, with splendor untold.
I am the month of frolic and fun;
Rich golden pumpkins glow in the sun;
Halloween's coming, look at your way!
Owls, bats and goblins frolic that day!
Gay jack-o'-lanterns, grinning delight,
Flit through the highways that festive night;
Ceres, fair goddess, brightens the earth
With color and beauty, joy and mirth.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

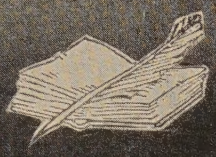
This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor



Volume XXIII | October, 1946 | Number 7

35th YEAR
THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence at Sheridan
11 a.m.

REV. PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D., Pastor

Service Broadcast by WJJD
23rd Year of Continuous Broadcasting

* * *

Opening Sunday Evening Service
Nov. 3rd, 7:30 o'clock

Opening Wednesday Evening Book Lecture
November 6, 8:00 o'clock

* * *

Church School of Religious Education
Jack E. Kolinen, Supt.
9:30 a.m.

* * *

Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule

WJJD—Sunday morning.....11:00 a.m.

WLS—Chicago outlet for ABC network, Coast-to-Coast hook-up (200 radio stations)—"Hymns of All Churches" program, Monday through Friday.....10:30 a.m.

WGN—Every evening, Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM DR. BRADLEY

I WISH every friend and member of our church could read every word of this message. I have never written a more important one. My heart and soul are in every syllable. Will you, my reader, help me to get this article to as many people interested in our work as you possibly can? Will you call the attention of this article to everyone you know? Will you please read it through—every word?

On Sunday, September 15th, at 11 a.m. we began our year's work. The doors swung wide open again, for our 35th year together. It is the most critical time in our history—as a nation—a church—a people. I feel our church is facing the most severe test and at the same time the finest opportunity it has ever known. During the summer I have given careful thought to our work and the future of the church.

Never such a moment in human history as this moment. Every one of our lives will be touched. The sacrifices will increase a hundred-fold from anything we have thus far known. We do not run from this duty. We do not shrink from our country's and the world's need. We are not afraid. None of us will know the usual ways of living. Plans will be abandoned or changed. Life will be different—different for us all. But we can take it, and take it we will! No time now for petty bickerings, sniping criticisms, small talk, personal profit or selfish advantage. No time now for devitalizing jealousies. We must all be truly great—greater than we have ever been before. We have a reserve as a nation—a potentiality as a people—a productive capacity—a spiritual vision, and a devotion to ideals which will see us through. Of this I have no doubt nor a shadow of anxiety.

I am desirous now of seeing clearly the part which our church ought to take in this hour. I have given hours of thought to our place and work in this day of trouble. I have come to certain conclusions. I have very definite dreams and hopes for the church which I love as I love my own life. Whether these plans can become a reality depends upon how you and the members and friends of the church receive them. I cannot make them a reality alone.

First of all I wish that our church, every officer, every member of every organization, everyone in the choir, in the ushering staff—all of us—would deepen our spiritual foundations. We must be a church in the highest sense. We are needed as never before. We cannot meet the challenge of this hour unless we are a deeply consecrated, spiritually minded, integrated power. The church must mean more to more people with every passing day.

There are those who feel that this is the time for the church to retrench—hold back—cut corners—save here and there—curtail activities—talk about "Where is the money coming from?"—cut down church publicity in the press—in other words, "RETREAT!"

This is no time to retreat! Above all institutions the church is one organization which never ought to retreat. This is the hour when the church should make its greatest advance. Of course the enemies of democracy and civilization would like to see the churches die everywhere. Their cry is "Kill the church!" "Retard the church!" "Stop religion!"

I think the church should plan its

most progressive year. More time, more effort and more money should be spent to make and keep the church an ever increasing power for truth and freedom than ever before. "Where's the money coming from?" That question need never be asked. It will come and come gladly and freely if the church meets its duty by helping people. Let the people turn in ever growing numbers to a church because that church meets the needs of their lives and the money problem ceases. There will be no money problem.

The church isn't a factory nor a business firm, nor a corporation—and you cannot think of the church in the same terms. I pray that our church will increase every effort and recant on nothing. An expansion of our publicity work in the form of announcement cards, pamphlets, newspaper advertising and bulletins to be distributed—all these should be utilized, and to a larger extent than ever before. Then, too, the immediate neighborhood of our church presents an opportunity. Our church is needed right where we are and to think differently is to miss the whole purpose of the church. I have some definite ideas about this aspect of our problem which you will hear about later.

We must find a way that our church, like the great churches of our city, may become more and more a center of dynamic power and inspiration. The church is the granary where men's souls are fed. The church is the embodiment of the highest ideals of man and God. To hurt the church is to weaken and destroy ourselves. I shudder when I hear people say "The church must give up this or that." The constructive attitude would be "Because of conditions the church will increase its activity and its program all along the line." The church which does this will be a live, growing church; the other kind of a church is a dying church—and deserves its fate. The ancient prophet thundered from a mountaintop, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." He would say today, "Where there is no vision the church dies."

It would break my spirit if I thought our great church, which has stood so long as a source of inspiration and help, would not meet the opportunity of this hour courageously, adventurously and bravely.

Let us have a new birth of our place and work in this day! Let the year ahead be our best year because of the help we will be to humanity. No church yet was a great church or a successful church because it had a balance in its treasury. Its true worth is in the treasure found in the hearts of men, women and children, because their hearts have been made rich through the work and life of the church.

With these words we begin our life once more. Whatever we face, whatever sacrifices are required, whatever sorrow or heartache we bear, let the light of The Peoples Church of Chicago shine brighter and brighter in this darkened world.

Your friend and pastor,
Preston Bradley.

YOU AND YOUR CONSCIENCE

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The People's Church of Chicago

IN every normal person there is an inner, almost indefinable faculty which condemns when we do wrong, and encourages and inspires when we do right! Something within each of our souls with an authentic presence that cries out to us in the moment of danger when one step more, one more word, one more act, might spell doom and disaster to our lives. There is something provided in the moral evolution that is structurally a part of moral guidance. It is as much a part of the human personality as the mind, or any emotion; it is a constituent factor in the development of man's moral procedure, as much a part of the personality and the inner consciousness of the individual as the walls of your home are, just as real as the chair in which you are seated, just as much a part of the whole life experience as your food. You cannot see it, like so many of the most powerful influences of life it is invisible. No one ever saw love, but we are all of us daily manifesting some influences and reactions of the love motif in human relations. No one ever saw love, no one ever saw conscience. You cannot discover it by any analysis of any physical equipment which man has at his control today; there is no means by which we can see conscience, but O! how we see the results of conscience! How we see what conscience, listened to, or ignored, has done to many a life!

Now there are, I think, many faulty and erroneous ideas about conscience. I don't know that I can get more than a few of them into the sermon this morning, but I would like to put in enough so that you could continue thinking about this long after the words that I use are forgotten. We begin, of course, with its universality. I question whether there is an individual normally adjusted to the experiences of life who does not have and possess this inner voice which varies, like all other voices, in quality, acuteness, and in effectiveness. It can be trained and educated just as the human mind responds to certain educative processes. The conscience is not an identity or a thing that remains inflexible and unchangeable; conscience is constantly in the liquidity of change. It is not a definite, set, circumscribed, boundaried institution of such impregnable character that it does not lend itself to the adaptations and the influences controlled by the individual. The fact of the matter is that you can do most anything you please with your conscience. Your conscience is amenable to your will, and while we may begin with a definite sensitiveness, and indeed there are people who are so sensitive to the violation of the moral principle of experience that it would be impossible for them to deviate from certain well established paths which they propose to take with their lives.

There are those who are so basically integrated and so beautifully adjusted to every experience and challenge of life that they have this authentic pressure, this authentic indicator, that there is only one method of action for them, and they apply it to the whole area of living. They are careful of their words, their phrases, they practice the little courtesies of the street car and the bus and the elevator. They are courteous and kindly with regard to the respects and rights of other people. You know such

ersonalities, they will change the at-
nosphere of a room, they will change
he atmosphere of a conversation. Sud-
enly, quietly, and authoritatively,
ome personality injects their contri-
ution into a situation and immedi-
tely the whole atmosphere is clarified.
hat is not an accident, that is the re-
ult of spiritual culture. People are not
orn with that, they acquire it, and in
he inner consciousness of the indi-
idual there is that continual pressure,
hat constant reminder, that quiet and
nevitable voice of life's excellency, and
hat inner consciousness of the person-
lity is constantly saying to you, and
o me, "Now, at your best. Now, at
our best." And the first thing we
now, if we follow the mandate, we
levelop personality, spiritual emana-
ion, glow and beauty that no matter
vhat the physical formation of our
odies might be, or the characteristics
f our noses, or ears, or head, no mat-
er what the physical might be, it will
e completely saturated with the re-
lity of the spiritual and will give per-
onal glow and beauty and strength.
Vhy is it that some of you people, in
he evening after dinner is finished and
ou may be sitting quietly reading, and
he door bell rings, and perhaps your
vife goes to the door, and you wonder
vho that is, and you hear her say,
Oh, it's you," and you say, "Well,
ow, I am in for it; another evening
poiled," but you appear gracious and
indly and make the best of it, but
omeone spoils an evening for you. And
hen another evening the door bell may
ing and you hear your wife say, "O!
t's *you!*" Right away you are on your
eet and at the front door by her side
o welcome them and you feel a beauti-
ul evening has dawned. What is the
ifference? Not in you; the difference
s in the spiritual unities of various peo-
les, people who gladden with their
resence and who under the authorita-
tive voice regulate life in terms of its best.

Now, there is that voice within our hearts, and if you will pardon a personal reference as to my own little interpretation of what I think it is, I have a little bit of a theory of my own: you take it for what it is worth. If you think it makes sense I should be glad to hear from you, or if you don't think it makes sense. For one of the indications to me of a growing mind is a willing mind, and I never want to stop growing. Don't be afraid of new truth. The truth has never yet all been spoken. The last word in the Bible has never yet been written, there is no final authority, no final book. This universe has not been circumscribed with boundaries yet. Why, we have not yet even found the last form of government, there may be something that will supersede democracy, precious as it is to our hearts. Don't set a limit for yourselves! Don't limit your minds! Don't become so thoroughly attached and devoted to some definite system of the past that you say, "This is all the truth, there isn't any more." Why, man has not even started to touch the sources available for truth! Truth will break forth in every hour, in every age; we must keep our minds open! Don't limit them, don't create barriers around your own selves, don't build high walls about your own personality!

And so this little idea of mine about this voice that some people call "conscience," that does not, very definitely, tell us what is right, or what is wrong but always insists that we find the right and do that, whatever it is. Conscience does not say, "This is right, this is wrong," but conscience says, "Find the right, don't make a mistake, don't act until you know what is right and what is wrong." Conscience is not a thing at all; conscience is an inspirational faculty in the heart and soul of man. Con-

science can be wrong itself. What spectacle is there more tragic than the man who does things for the sake of doing them conscientiously! Why, a Hitler, distorted, broken, disintegrated personality, worked conscientiously by his own norm, by his own standard, his conscience never bothered him. You have seen people do wrong, fundamentally wrong, conscientiously. I could give you many illustrations. That is not what I mean. I think that we have overemphasized the fact that conscience is a "still, small voice"; conscience is not still, and conscience is not small, and conscience is always a voice. I have heard conscience thunder, I have heard conscience roar, I have had moments in my life when it seemed that the mighty voice of conscience was roaring through my soul like a thousand boulders rolling from the highest mountainpeak of the world! There was nothing still and small about that experience; it was a roaring voice! O, it is not always still, it is not always small, but what is conscience?

I believe, O, I believe it as much as I believe anything, and I believe a lot . . . every little while some of my Fundamentalist friends will tell me how much I don't believe, when the fact of the matter is that I have never yet talked to anyone who takes a different point of view in religious philosophy, who believed as much as I do. My difficulty is not believing less, but I believe more. I BELIEVE MORE! And I believe as much as I believe anything, *I BELIEVE IN THE DIVINITY OF MAN!* I don't only believe in the divinity of one man, I believe in the divinity of all men, and I believe that in every human breast, in every human heart, there is a spark of God. One man did not have it all; all men have a particle. *I BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE DIVINE, YOU LIVE, YOU MOVE, LAUGH, YOU DIE: YOU ARE DIVINE!* And you are immortal, and that the inner, constantly glowing spark that says: "Don't, don't mar your divinity, don't pollute your bodies, don't scar your souls, don't wallow in the gutter, don't become a victim of your passions, your appetites, don't ruin your health, don't destroy this temple, don't hurt that fine mind and that beautiful heart which is capable of loving and appreciating goodness, and beauty in the world." What is that? You have it! There is not one of you on the air this morning who hasn't something deep in your souls that is saying to you all the time, "Don't lose your divinity! Don't lose your God-likeness, you are like Him!" Why, the book says you were made in His image —*WE WERE MADE IN HIS IMAGE,* and that inner part of God which is there within the temple of your own being is what many call "conscience," but I call it "GOD!" Something here in my breast that is so noble, so perfect, so beautiful, that when I am less than my best and my fingers may drip with the blood of my fellowmen whose character I have cruelly assassinated with my lips and I may become a twisted, torn, ugly, unlovely thing, the God in me cries out: "Shame upon you to mutilate, to destroy, to hurt my temple!" That is the voice of GOD!

The Liberalist

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PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
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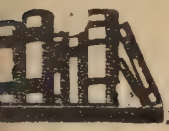
EDITORIAL

WHAT do we mean when we say a person has "tone"? What do we mean when we ay a book has a certain "tone," or vhen we speak of a nation as having a ertain rhythmic heart-beat, a certain tone"? I think that each of us has a ery definite comprehension of what he word "tone" used in this almost omantic if not wholly poetic sense, mplies. We know what a tone is when pplied to music, and what the musician would say, for he understands vhat is meant and implied by the use f the word "tone"; but if we lift it out f the realm of the exact, into the eauty of imagery, it takes on a very nusual and significant meaning. It is The Victorious Tone" with which I m concerned in the thought introuced in this broadcast; the attitude oward life which we have developed ut of our philosophy of life, developed rom experience; for a person's philosohy is very largely the result of one's xperience. Philosophy is not somehing at which we arrive by applying he mere processes of reasoning or by pplying the knowledge which we ight have gained in the intellectual sphere; a philosophy of life is something which we develop and acquire and is conditioned by the experiences we have had. A person's philosophy of friendship is based on the kind of people one has had for friends; a person's philosophy of patriotism is conditioned, I think, very largely by the kind of country one has had to love; a person's philosophy of things is determined largely by one's experiences with things. Consequently, when we come in contact with an individual of whom we can say "that person has a good philosophy of life," we can almost come to the conclusion dogmatically that that person has always fostered, encouraged, looked for, hoped for and worked out the victorious tone of life. That person will never be an individual who has succumbed to cynicism or permitted the tyranny of the little hatreds and bickerings of life to rob him of the full tone of life; he will never be an individual who has buried himself in a little groove of existence and who sees every part of life through lenses colored by his own limitations. He will be an individual who has developed a spaciousness and a magnanimity. He will

be a person who has developed a graciousness and the strength of gentility; one who has thought of life in terms of its royal adventure; one who could not possibly become a bigot because he realizes that truth is ever in process of unfoldment and enlargement. He will not be a person who has lived in a narrow house circumscribed by walls which shut out the loveliness of earth and of his fellowmen, but he will be a person who has developed an appreciation for the "tone" of life. And what can we say then about the tone of our modern life? Obviously it is a sobering thought. It does not drive us into despair or hopelessness, but it certainly sobers us, does it not, when we look out at the "tone" of men's hatreds, our little almost inarticulate suspicions, our areas of self-interest, our unwillingness to cooperate with others—these tones that we hear, the overtones, the undertones, they are sobering thoughts for us all. You see the whole idea of progress and development and achievement is comparatively new. Marcus Aurelius, one of the greatest of all ancient philosophers and thinkers had no vision of it. He said the future and history was not like a river, which flows on and on to something finer and better as it gathers other streamlets which are added to its constituency; but that history was like the ocean and there was fluctuation; it rose and fell and rose and fell, but the point to which it rose and fell never changed. Then the first thing that happened was the opening of a universe which even these great minds never comprehended. Galileo and Copernicus took us from the little self-centered conception of a universe carried on the back of a turtle, and they demolished that universe and we were introduced to the whole planetary system of the cosmos, to the law of gravitation, to a coordinated, cohesive universe which was operating on immutable laws, which could not be abrogated or rescinded—and then the history of the conquest of the western hemisphere, and man applied his ingenuity to the creation of a favorable environment in which he could experience the luxury of living with his fellowmen with a minimum degree of personal sacrifice and a maximum degree of personal enjoyment. He seemed to take upon himself the nature of the gods, and with him there were no barriers, no mountains, no obstacles. He was able to create a self-comfort unprecedented; he was able to transport himself more quickly from place to place; he was able to translate the physical equipment with which he was surrounded into the opportunity for ease and comfort and affluence and safety and security, and then what happened! We became flabby, morally flabby. We violated ethical and moral standards. We developed a corporate conscience, and it was a different kind of conscience to the conscience in our individual breasts. Man was surfeited with those emphasis which brought him to the chasm. We built high buildings but they did not save us. The fine buildings could not carry us through. The "tone" was false. It was not enough. Our bigness is never enough. We must be great and we were not great. If we had been it would all have been different. Then we stripped and denuded ourselves of the superficial emphasis and of the distortions and our souls stood nude in the presence of the eternal truth and we have to balance in the scales of human justice our souls against our things, and the "tone" of *that* hour was good. In the long, long years in which man was crawling into the light, God gave man freedom: freedom to choose his route, with earth enough, sky enough, land enough. Why did we think we could go overfed in a

world where 300 million people were starving to death? The most fundamental truth in the world is "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We found our soul at last and the money poured into the channels of mercy. Our money was touched by the victorious tones of our past failures and past sins. It soothed. It quieted. And our boys, blood of our blood, went striding the highways of the spheres, their heads high, singing—America has found her soul! The bigness of our institutions went, the richest stood beside the poorest to help, and America found her soul; and by all the powers which we can summon, with all the strength which we can muster, with all the dreams that we can dream, let us never, never, never again trade our souls for a mess of pottage! For we have found there is nothing a man can give in exchange for his soul. Let us keep that victorious "tone". P. B.



BOOK CHATS

THE first book which I have chosen to bring to you in this book chat has one of the finest titles that I have come across in a long time. It is a book called "Peace of Mind," and the author's name is familiar to thousands of Chicagoans, for he served here as a distinguished Rabbi and preacher. Dr. Liebman is not only the present Rabbi of Temple Israel in Boston, but one of the leading radio preachers in America. For the past seven years his sermons have been heard on coast-to-coast networks by millions, and his Sunday broadcasts to the six New England States are heard by an audience of more than a million listeners. During the last few years Dr. Liebman has served as University preacher at Harvard, Cornell, Vassar, Dartmouth, Wellesley, Smith and other leading universities. He is visiting Professor of Jewish Philosophy and Literature at Andover-Newton Theological Seminary. This is believed to be the first time that a rabbi has been invited to become a regular faculty member of a Christian Theological Seminary to teach Judaism to Christian clergymen. Dr. Liebman studied at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, taking his Doctorate in Jewish Philosophy. For the past few years he has been a member of the Governor's Committee on Racial and Religious Understanding for Massachusetts, and is the Chairman of the Governor's Committee of Clergymen. During the war he served as a member of the Committee on Army and Navy Religious Activities, directing the work of Jewish chaplains.

Now for the book itself: "PEACE OF MIND." Dr. Liebman shares with every other pastor who has gone through these last years with his people and who has learned much by the trouble and serious anxieties and breakdowns of hundreds of people, a knowledge of the acuteness and seriousness of the problems, and in this book he arrives at the same place as all the others, that the way out and through is by the harmonious synthesis of religion and psychiatry, as this provides a new approach to inner serenity and spiritual tranquility. The book is a modern guide to the perplexed, and what a pity it would be if anyone should have a prejudice because of the

race of the writer. In these luminous pages, one of America's most eloquent preachers provides a new and inspiring synthesis of religion and psychiatry. I found in the book a fusion of the sanctuary and the laboratory as it has never been attempted before. He thus directs troubled and overborne people of all faiths through the turbulent waters of insecurity to the safe harbor of spiritual serenity. Gently, honestly, without cant or wishful thinking, mustering all the resources of modern science and harmonizing them with the hard-won wisdom of time-tested philosophies and religions, the celebrated Rabbi, philosopher and teacher of the largest congregation in all New England, provides a new approach to unwearied, inner tranquility.

I was tremendously impressed with his brilliant unification of the hitherto divergent disciplines of religion and psychiatry. Separately they seem to clash and confuse. Together they lead to a new orientation of human nature. This book, "Peace of Mind," is a book which deals with the larger and undisputed affirmations of life. It examines the most fundamental problems and the most persistent and haunting fears of men and women, and illumines them with both the clear light of scientific knowledge and the human wisdom of the comprehending heart. From his intimate experience with a large ministry, and the tremendous response evoked by his radio programs reaching more than a million people, he discovered that great numbers of people were receiving from religion splendid exhortations about the good life, but too little insight on how to achieve it practically and concretely. This book honestly faces these torturing doubts and corroding insecurities. The resulting illumination helps people to understand themselves, to get along better with those about them, to master fear and conquer grief and find a satisfying sense of partnership with God. In his own pastoral work over a period of many years, Dr. Liebman comes to the same conclusion that many of us who have had a similar experience have arrived at, and that is, how desperately average men and women seek this sort of clarity about their emotional, psychological and spiritual drives and doubts. This book's attractiveness is its universal appeal, for there is not one particle of dogma in it, but only the spiritual bread to strengthen men and women to meet these fears and uncertainties.

Guiding the reader on his own inward quest, the author discusses the masks of conscience, the inferiority complex, the meaning of love, counterfeit and real, and the difference between neurotic and real fears. After probing the reasons for a sense of guilt, he shows the way to grief's slow wisdom, and offers simple and effective procedures for curbing and governing the besetting terrors of the spirit in the presence of death and bereavement. He shows specifically how to express rather than repress the elemental anguish and heartache, and brushes away the specters that have no reality. Finally he shows where religion and psychology part—and where they meet, and how they can be harmonized and spiritually energized to achieve the untroubled mind, the inner peace, which by contrast makes all the other "goods" of this life—talent, beauty, wealth, fame—seem vain trifles. For, after all, "this is the supreme gift that God reserves for his special proteges." With the Psalmists, Marcus Aurelius, and Lao-Tse, we can say, "Heap worldly gifts at the feet of foolish men. But on my head pour only the sweet waters of serenity. Give me peace of mind." And so I heartily recommend to you this book, "Peace of Mind," by Joshua

Loth Liebman, published by Simon and Schuster in the spring of this year.

* * *

The next book I have in mind is one which not only tells a great story of the present, but which all historians in the years to come will go back to and use as an authentic source of information for the discussion of the present hour and its personalities. The book is entitled "My Three Years With Eisenhower" and is the personal diary of Captain Harry C. Butcher. History has a way of weaving the fabric of mythology around the great and that is one of the reasons this book is so valuable. It has what is essential to all biographical writing, unimpeachable authority and factual presentation. Of that we are assured, because the book has been written and published necessarily with the approval and consent of the man about whom it is written. This book could have been written only by the man who lived with General Eisenhower day and night, who acted as his friend and confidant, whose duties ranged from opening the General's car door to handling such ticklish jobs as the battle between General Patton and Sergeant Bill Mauldin, who saw Gen. Eisenhower in his intimate day by day life, develop from an unknown staff officer to the Commander of the greatest military operation in all history.

Capt. Harry Butcher met, who was then Major Eisenhower, in Washington in 1926, and became his close friend, a friendship which deepened as the years went on. At the time of the meeting Butcher was the managing editor of the Fertilizer Review, published by the National Fertilizer Association. He held this job through 1929 and his friends have never ceased to remind him of it rather constantly. He went into that work as the logical development after his graduation from Iowa State College in 1924 with the degree of Agricultural Journalism. When the war started in Europe in 1939 Captain Butcher was commissioned as Lt. Commander in the Naval Reserve. He was Vice-President of a broadcasting system at the time of his volunteering for enlistment in the Navy in 1942. Two months later Gen. Eisenhower requested his services as general aide. He is now 44 and this book is the result of a very carefully kept day by day diary for three years, in which he was nearer to Gen. Eisenhower than any person alive.

Hanson W. Baldwin, writing in the New York Times about this book, says that time mellows, softens and often distorts the stark outline of contemporary history. Time must measure the stature of Dwight David Eisenhower, as soldier and as man. Time must judge his services in the world's greatest war. Today the past war is still too deep in our emotions and the fabric of the facts is still too loosely woven to permit final evaluation of Eisenhower's place in history, but his place in the hearts of the American people doesn't wait for time. In the United States, England, North Africa and France all felt the charm of his warm personality, where he is enshrined as a splendid leader. This book by one of his closest confidants and aides illustrates some of the qualities that brought Eisenhower to fame. The former Supreme Commander in North Africa and Europe, the present Chief of Staff of the Army is sentimental, simple, straightforward, impatient and charged with nervous energy which keeps him, as Butcher says, in high gear. He is humane and human and has an outstanding quality—a willingness to assume responsibility for his subordinates' as well as for his own actions.

One of the most interesting things in the book which I find, and which indi-

cates a quality of character in Gen. Eisenhower, is the communique never used, but it was printed on the 11th of July, 1944, in this diary. No one knew what would happen after that memorable D-day of June 6, 1944, when the Allied forces landed in Normandy. One must know, as the author explains, that many of our most expert planners were far from hopeful about the outcome. At best very heavy casualties were expected. Eisenhower's Chief of Staff had estimated our chances of retaining any foothold won in France at no better than 50-50. You can easily recall what was in the hearts of the people of this country in those days when no one knew what would be the outcome. Those weeks were the most critical of the entire war. But Gen. Eisenhower, anticipating that it might fail, wrote a self-revealing statement or communique on a sheet of note paper. This communique was only to be given out if the invasion failed. I am going to quote it here for it is a revealing document. Here is what the General wrote: "Our landings in the Cherbourg area have failed to gain a satisfactory foothold and I have withdrawn the troops. My decision to attack at this time and place was based upon the best information available. The Troops, the Air and the Navy, did all that bravery and devotion to duty could do. If any blame or fault attaches to the attempt it is mine alone." Try to imagine if you can, what it would have meant if circumstances had compelled General Eisenhower to ever release that statement. We are indeed grateful that it never became official, but it does indicate that here is the stature of a man who assumed responsibility and would not excuse his own failure by putting it off upon others. That is a good quality for us all to possess. There is another aspect that I think this book reveals and that is that even though much that did happen probably has not yet been revealed, yet practically everything of importance has been broadcast or published before in newspapers and magazines and on the radio. Against the background of the villas of North Africa, the catacombs of Malta, the vineyards and orange groves of Sicily, from the beaches of Salerno to the cold halls of Chequers, the plot of war unfolds. Here are some of the great decisions. Here the tug of war between differing national concepts; here the conflict of personalities, the march and sweep of stirring events, together with many sidelights and trivia which built the tremendous human interest quality of the book. Capt. Butcher writes: "I wish to make it clear to the reader that this effort is my responsibility and not Gen. Eisenhower's, yet I like to think that although I wrote this book, Gen. Eisenhower lived it," and indeed he did, and so did all the others who fill its pages: Roosevelt, Churchill, Montgomery, Marshall, Bradley and dozens of names that are household words to us all. It is a new kind of history; a backstage account of the movements of the most important actors in the greatest drama ever played. It is a unique combination of intense human interest and grand strategy providing countless intimate glimpses of the key members of the Allied family, their relations with each other, their private and hitherto unpublished views on the greatest questions of the era, their human failings and their essential greatness. Time will bring perspective, and those who follow us will have a clearer conception of what it all means than perhaps those of us who are a part of it. And no one can read this book without a deeper realization of the problems, the suffering and the tragedy which is always war.

* * *

I now call your attention to a book

entitled "America's Germany" written by Julian Bach, Jr., and published by Random House. There are 309 pages in this book and it is about a subject which is very vital and important to us all. One of the questions that is given to me when the question period comes in the forums which I address in high school and college assemblies, is always certain to be, "What kind of a job are we doing in Germany?" People are anxious and most desirous of knowing what is actually happening in Germany and how successful we are in the American area of occupation in meeting the responsibility of re-orienting the German mind and conscience. There are all sorts of opinions and ideas about it. One hears many, many things, most of which are mere rumors without any foundation in fact at all. It is true that it is difficult for the man on the street to know exactly what is going on, and whether we are doing a good job in Germany or not. The majority of people seem to have an idea that we are not. There come out of Europe many reports of one sort and another. People quite removed from the scene are very ready to criticize and point out mistakes and create the idea that we are a dismal failure. Now we have a book that presents the other side, whose thesis is that we are doing a good job in Germany, and the author, Mr. Bach, presents his case in a well written, carefully documented and authentic first-hand story of the whole matter. That is its value, for it enables those of us who do not have access to the situation by a personal contact or unbiased information, to get the other side of the picture. This getting the other side of a situation is something which we should always desire. It makes finally for knowing what is the truth about a problem or a condition. Mr. Baukhage in an article in a Saturday Review of Literature, gave the book his wholehearted and enthusiastic endorsement. He said: "It is easy to get a hearing on the subject of the American administration of occupied Germany if you limit yourself to a superior sneer. But if you have found something good in the rubble, some hope for democracy in our military bureaucracy, you will have a harder job." He says, "Unless Bach, the author of this book, and others who know what they are talking about," (and Mr. Baukhage thinks that Mr. Bach does know,) "get a hearing, there is little hope of selling the idea that there is an America's Germany which represents the greatest investment in democracy these United States have ever made. And if the people fail to understand and meet their responsibility, America's Germany may well become Russia's or Prussia's or maybe Persia's Germany, or worse still, the personal property of another potential house painter."

The author has had a background of European experience and an opportunity throughout the American Reich in the more than two years of service which he has had in the army. Practically his entire time in the army was as a correspondent for "Army Talks" which was a weekly, published for the army. Of course Mr. Bach, in the opinions which he expresses in the book "America's Germany," takes full responsibility as an individual and wants it definitely understood that he is not speaking as an official. He never served in the military government.

The book seems to be fair in that there are evidences that where things ought to be criticized and blamed, he does not hesitate to do so. And he recognizes the immensity of the problem, in the fact that there are 20 million Germans in our area and the task before the nation is so stupendous as indeed it is without precedent. Bach seems to verify what Mr. Baukhage

learned in Frankfort, Berlin and Hamburg, that neither the school of hate nor the sentimental attitude of some has anything to do with the real job. The real job is the effort to create efficient care, feeding, and also the laying of the foundations for what the world and ourselves hope will be a democratic Germany. That may not be possible for a long time, indeed it may never be possible, but that some kind of a Germany may come out of this situation which will not be a menace to the equilibrium and stability of the world is the hope of us all. How much of that Germany will be permitted an industrial and military development is today unknown. How much ought to be permitted of the industrialization of Germany is a question of great debate and argument.

The author says that the G.I. himself as an ambassador of good will has failed, and there are evidences that in this contention he is perhaps correct, because of the recent renewal of military disciplining and restrictions placed upon our soldiers in the occupied area. What we ought to remember, I think, in connection with this is that our military now in Germany are not the men who fought the war. They are the young men with no war experience, but who have been recently inducted into the military service and sent abroad. This fact ought to be taken into consideration when we talk about the effect of the military on the problem in Germany. The author, quite rightly I think, has a very clear idea that the place where the fundamental work is to be done is with the German mind, and that can never be accomplished speedily or over night. That is a long drawn out, difficult, educative process and ought to be surely in the hands of experts. Well, whether we agree with this book or not, "America's Germany," the fact of the matter is that we should read it. I know that it will present the other side to the commonly accepted conception that we are a complete failure in our post-war task in Germany. Some wag has said there are two sides to every question, your side and my side. Well, there are two sides to this question: the right side and the wrong side, and we can understand both sides better by reading a book of this character.

* * *

I wish to mention another book, though I shall not treat it exhaustively at all, but Hans Christian Admonson has just published a book which is the Life of Eddie Rickenbacker. It has over 300 pages, and is an excellent biography. It is quite rare for one man to be a great hero in two wars. Gen. Pershing and Sgt. York of World War I, watched Gen. Eisenhower and Sgt. Commander Kelly go through similar experiences to those they had in World War I, but Eddie Rickenbacker was a hero in both of them—a leading ace in World War I, and in World War II he was, as you know, right in the midst of everything and came as close to losing his life in the last war as he did in the first one. This book is a record of his life right from the beginning up until now. The son of hard-working Swiss immigrants, brought up in a public school of a small middle western city, we see him in his career as apprentice-mechanic in an automobile shop, as a salesman, as a racing car driver, fighter pilot, automobile manufacturer, booster of soldier morale, and in his present position as an air line operator. His experience in the last war on the raft in the Pacific will of course become one of the great American sagas. Whether we agree with all that he has said since the war is beside the point.

* * *

And now I am going to talk about a man who has written many books

and about an institution which is the home of millions of books. Some years ago I gave an address on the subject of "Chicago's Greatest Asset," in which I discussed the contribution which the Chicago Public Library is making to the cultural life of our community. This address was published and someone brought it to the attention of Mr. Carl B. Roden, the Librarian of our city. He had copies bound and put in the Chicago Public Library for circulation. It is available in the Chicago Public Library and if you are interested you can secure it there, but I wish to call your attention to one fact about our library. I am proud of it and I know you will be.

I have been on the Board of Directors of the Chicago Public Library for many years, and take a great deal of pride in its progress, development and expansion. The institution means something more than just giving out books to be read. There are many other services which it performs. I thought it might interest you to know that at our last meeting of the Board of Directors of the Library the Librarian announced that the Chicago Public Library is now the largest public library in the world. We have more books in circulation from our library than New York, Boston, Philadelphia or any other city in the world. Chicagoans have a justified pride in this fact.

The man I am going to say a few things about, who has written so many books, is Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. Whether you have read very extensively Mr. Maugham or not, I am certain that there is not a person who reads books who has not heard of, if not read, the great novel "Of Human Bondage." And "Of Human Bondage" is a great novel. Some critics have even said it is one of the four greatest novels in English literature. It shortened a long, stormy sea voyage for me the first time I ever read it; and by every norm of what constitutes great fiction, "Of Human Bondage" meets every requirement. Those of us who love literature and books realize the thrill that comes from seeing one of our favorite books in manuscript, and realizing that we are face to face with the material produced by the hands of the author. The manuscript of the book "Of Human Bondage" was presented to the library of Congress by Mr. Maugham himself. The original text was presented on the 20th of April of this year, with all the notes, and can now be seen by any visitor in the Library of Congress. I know the next time I am in Washington, seeing the manuscript of "Of Human Bondage" will be one of the first things I shall do. But quite apart from the historical interest of the presentation by Mr. Maugham, was what he had to say when he presented the manuscript to the people of the United States. I am going to quote now, directly from that address. He opened by saying: "I have never pretended to be anything but a story teller. It has amused me to tell stories and I have told a great many. But we novelists are, on the whole, a modest lot. In our hearts we are conscious how far short of our intention our performance has reached, and when we are told that it is our business not merely to entertain but to deal with such subjects as social security, economics, the race question and the state of the world generally we are pleased and flattered. It is very nice to think that we can instruct our fellow men and by our wisdom improve their lot. It gives us a sense of responsibility and indeed puts us on a level of respectability with bank presidents. So, armed with an encyclopedia and books of reference, we rush boldly into the fray, but for my part I think it is an abuse to use

the novel as a pulpit or a platform, and I think readers are sorely misguided when they suppose they can, by reading novels, acquire knowledge without trouble. It is a great nuisance that knowledge cannot be acquired without trouble. It can only be acquired by hard work. I suggest to you that the knowledge the novelist imparts is biased and thus unreliable, and it is better not to know a thing at all than to know it in a distorted fashion. If readers wish to inform themselves of the pressing problems of the day, they will do better to read, not novels, but the books that specifically deal with them.

"We novelists are natural propagandists. We cannot help it, no matter how hard we try. We load our dice. By the mere fact of introducing a character to your notice early in our novel, we enlist your interest and sow your sympathy in that character. We take sides. We arrange facts to suit our purpose. Well, that is not the way the book of scientific or informative value is written. There is no reason why a novelist should be anything but a novelist. He should know a little about a great many things, but it is unnecessary and sometimes even harmful for him to be a specialist on any particular subject. But please don't misunderstand me. There can be no reason why the novelist should not deal with every subject under the sun, so long as it enables him to get on with his story and to develop his characters. Let us consider for a moment the qualities that a good novel should have. It should have a coherent, plausible story, a variety of plausible incidents, characters that are living and freshly observed, and a natural dialogue. It should be written in a style suitable to the subject. If the novelist can do that, and it is a lot, I think he has done all that should be asked of him. I should like to point out that he is foolish to concern himself too greatly with current affairs, for if he does, his novel will lose its point as soon as they are no longer current. H. G. Wells once gave me an edition of his complete works, and one day when he was staying with me he ran his fingers along the many volumes and said to me, 'You know, they are dead. They dealt with matters of topical interest, and now, of course, they are unreadable.' It is because the success of 'Of Human Bondage' is due to my fellow writers in America and to a whole generation of American readers that I thought I should like to offer the manuscript to the Library of Congress. When I asked Dr. Luther Evans if he would accept it, I told him that I wanted to present it in gratitude for the hospitality I, my daughter and grandchildren have received in this country. There is one debt that we can never hope to repay, and that is the debt we owe you for the kindness and generosity with which you received the women and children of my country when in fear of a German invasion they came to the United States. They were lonely and homesick. No one knows better than I how much you did for them, how patient you were with them, and what sacrifices you made for them. So, it is not only for my own small family, but for all those of my fellow countrymen who found refuge on these shores that I wish to offer this manuscript to you, not as an adequate return, not even as a token payment, but just as an acknowledgement of the debt we owe you."

With this Mr. Maugham finished, and now the people of the United States will always have as one of their great possessions, the manuscript of the great novel "Of Human Bondage."

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden"

Dear Friends:

We awakened this morning to a dismal day, with drab sky and lead-colored lake. The thermometer on the porch registered 44°. This and other signs—the yellowing birch leaves, and brilliant flaming red patches here and there along the road, we saw yesterday when we drove to the city of Virginia—make us realize that suddenly it is fall! Our last Sunday at our island home is far from a pleasant one out of doors, while inside it is cozy with large logs blazing in the fireplace, and the living room festive with sweet huge bouquets of gay zinnias, calendulas, phlox, snapdragons, asters and "glads."

Yesterday I cut all the flowers in the garden, as the time had come when fall cleaning in the gardens had to take place, no matter how much it hurt to uproot all the annuals and trim down the perennials. The earth had to be spaded and fertilizer put in, some things staked and others thinned out. Part of the hurt of tearing it to pieces was compensated for by first cutting all the blooms and having these lovely bouquets to enjoy the few days now remaining to us before we say goodbye.

Wednesday Dr. Bradley will go to speak at the opening meeting of the school system of Virginia. This is an annual engagement that he always enjoys. There are some splendid people living in Virginia and we have made some very fine friends there through the years. We are glad to see them each summer and they tell us they always look forward to our return. The usual remark when we meet is, "Now we know summer is here!" Dr. Bradley has married some of them, christened their children and officiated in many families at funerals, cementing the bond of friendship even closer, I'm sure. Many love him as pastor as well as friend. Thirty years is a long time we have been spending our summers up here in this beautiful country. No wonder it is like home to us!

By the time this reaches you who read The Liberalist, we will be back in our Chicago home, which is as entirely different a life as though it were another world. Church will have opened the fall season, and we will be happy indeed to see all our friends again.

* * *

Now let us look into the Mail Bag, which I fear is nearly empty. Here is a kind little note from a Miss Bertha Diller, who says:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I intended writing sooner and expressing my thanks for your splendid broadcasts of comforting thoughts and information. Last evening I decided not to put it off another day.

"Please know I have been a constant listener and more grateful each day for my radio that gives one food for thought which many times have been so refreshing.

"With best wishes, Sincerely, Bertha Diller."

Another kind expression of appreciation, received from Spring Brook Farm, Grand Haven, Michigan, comes from a Mr. Whistler who writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I feel that I must write you and try to express a few words of appreciation for your excellent broadcasts, especially the one of this evening. I agree one hundred per cent with every word of it. I did not hear the broadcast last Sunday evening which you described and quoted from, but I have heard others in a similar vein, and to use a slang phrase they make my blood boil. Spiritually, it is restful and refreshing then, to hear someone like yourself speak, with a broader and more common sense view of the things which so vitally affect us all. Thank you, Dr. Bradley. Sincerely yours, C. C. Whistler."

* * *

Our good friend Mrs. Pearl Garrod, who is a shut-in and has written several letters we have reviewed in the Mail Bag, sent us a charming poem she wrote, and I am going to give it to you now. It is called "My View:"

"From my window I see three houses
and corners of just two more;
To some they would be monotonous, in
fact, they would be a real bore;
But I am thankful for my sight which
enables me to see
These houses, homes of neighbors, who
come to visit me.

'City folks are queer' a learned man*
recently did state,
'They really are similar to bears, as
they seem to hibernate.'
There is so much joy in friendship, if
you but seek its need,
It will bring you greater happiness and
take the edge from greed.

God sends me other visitors, they come
daily to my window sill,
The birds and squirrels so amusing, as
they play and eat at will.
When I walk I want to visit my kind
neighbors, one and all,
But tell me, how shall I climb a tree
and return the latter's call?

There is not much traffic on our quiet
homey street,
So I watch the children go to school—
it really is a treat.
My thoughts revert to my own boys
as they journeyed to and fro,
Sometimes it seems like yesterday,
these memories of years ago.
Pearl M. Garrod."

*Dr. Preston Bradley, Feb., 1946.

* * *

From Buchanan, Michigan, Mrs. Elsie Pache wrote the following friendly note:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I have often thought of writing you, as I always listen in to your broadcasts and surely get lots of help from them. I have been at your church when we lived in Chicago and always enjoyed hearing you, and I had the rare pleasure of seeing you in person.

"We have lived here in Michigan now for the past twelve years. We own a small five-acre farm. My husband being born and raised in Chicago, he naturally isn't a No. 1 farmer. He works at Niles, Michigan, which is a 24 mile drive every day, one way.

"Hope you will be on the air a long time with your fine broadcasts and that I may be able to hear you. May God keep you well and in His care.

"Respectfully, a listener, Mrs. Elsie Pache."

* * *

And now I leave you "till we meet again," and have our chat about the Mail Bag in Chicago.

Please keep the letters coming, or there will be no Mail Bag!

AND-KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

Are You Helping the Bazaar?

The Annual Peoples Church Bazaar is the biggest community project attempted by our church. It is something which can only be a success if every individual member of the church is vitally interested in it. If each and every member will feel a personal responsibility to do something as his or her bit toward the Bazaar it cannot help but be a success. The Board of Trustees looks to the church membership each year to carry on to a successful conclusion this project toward the support of the church.

The church membership and the friends of the church have never failed to meet this responsibility. So now is the time to begin thinking about it, plan what you individually are going to do and then put your resolution into immediate action, that it may bear rich fruit.

Speaking of fruit—the canning season is upon us—and the ladies can put aside a few special jars of freshly canned fruit for the Bazaar.

Perhaps you can donate some materials out of which others can make articles for the Bazaar. If so, these should be donated as early as possible to give time for making.

Perhaps you own a store and can donate ready-made articles; or candy; or groceries; or *meat!!!*

Are you wondering what to donate? Food, candy, beverages, canned goods, kitchenware, pillow slips, towels, aprons, bedspreads, fancy cushions, every kind of fancy work, crocheted and knitted articles, dolls, babies' clothes, doll clothes, pictures, rugs, furniture, gadgets, everything useful and beautiful which people might like to buy, Christmas gifts of all kinds are acceptable and will be greatly appreciated. Nothing is too small, nothing too large.

First and foremost, be sure to do your individual bit and ask your friends to help. Make your donation to the church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, telephone Longbeach 6878; or if you belong to one of the church groups working for the Bazaar, then make the gift through your own group.

Do You Belong?

There is a right place for you in the working organizations of the church. Here you will find an opportunity for service, for sociability and companionship. Have you visited one or more of these groups? They are waiting to welcome you. Speak to one of their officers. Let them know you are interested:

The Church School
The Choir
The Uptown Players
The Woman's Club
The Professional and Business Woman's Club
The Men's Club
The Ushers' Club
The Preston Bradley Veterans' Organization
The Preston Bradley Auxiliary, Mary Bartelme Club
The Parent-Teachers Forum of the Church School
The Girl Scouts

(See page 24 and the Directory for further information)

MEASURE OF A MAN

Not—How did he die?
But—How did he live?
Not—What did he gain?
But—What did he give?
These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man, as a man,
Regardless of birth.
Not—What was his station?
But—Had he a heart?
And—How did he play
His God-given part?
Was he ever ready
With a word of good cheer,
To bring back a smile,
To banish a tear?
Not—What was his church?
Nor—What was his creed?
But—Had he befriended
Those really in need?
Not—What did the sketch
In the newspapers say?
But—How many were sorry
When he passed away?

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

Enclosed find Check..... for $1.50.
Money Order.....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State**.....

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle St.

Temporary Headquarters and School
1642 N. Clark St., Michigan 7766

* * *

23RD SEASON—OPENING NIGHT

Saturday, October 12th, 8:30 p.m.

"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE"
by Joseph Kesselring

ELEVENTH STREET THEATRE
66 E. Eleventh St.

Until the completion of the new building of The Uptown Players, all productions will be given in the Eleventh Street Theatre

October schedule:
Saturday, October 12 and 19; Thursday, October 24 and 31.
The following plays are announced for the season:

October—"Arsenic and Old Lace"
November—"Outward Bound"
December—"My Sister Eileen"
January—"The Little Foxes"
February—"Blithe Spirit"
March—"Kind Lady"
April—"Twelfth Night"
May—"Hay Fever"
June—"Junior Miss"

Patron Membership Tickets—$10

* * *

OCTOBER DRAMA TEA—Sunday, Oct. 6th
Anderson Hall, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue

J. Bradley-Griffin will present his recital version of the current musical sensation of New York—"CAROUSEL." Assisted by Mary Clarke, Kathryn Andrews and Connie Stevens, Jerry Siegan at the piano.

* * *

"SPOTLIGHT" OF THE MONTH
DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
will review Walter H. Pitkin's
"The Best Years"
Oct. 29th, 8 p.m.,
Anderson Hall, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue

* * *

For classes in all branches of the theatre—

BRADLEY-GRIFFIN SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE
1642 N. Clark Street Michigan 7766
Kathryn Andrews, Registrar

Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
Adams, LeRoy
Allen, Robert George, Ens.
*Anderson, Frank
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Norman P.
Andrey, G.
Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
Arnopol, Richard Arthur
Ball, Kenneth R.
Bartlett, Tommy
Baumann, Robert
Berglund, William
Berhalter, Howard
Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
Blue, Wayne P.
Bluhm, Arthur
Bluhm, Ben C.
Bluhm, Herbert, Major
Boaz, Charles
Bower, Clyde F.
Brosious, Donald W.
Brosious, Edward P.
Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
Bunn, Robert R.
Burkhard, Gordon Robert
Byron, R. B.
Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
Carlseen, Howard
Carlton, Rosalie M.
Christ, Frank G.
Code, James
*Crane, Charles C.
Cuzort, James T.
Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
DeWees, William Robert
Droth, Betty
DuMont, Harry
Dwinell, Robert M.
Eddy, George G., Jr.
Edelhart, Marvin I.
Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
Elya, Verl
Eronson, Frans
Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
Ettelson, David
Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
Felch, George
Fishman, Carl Leonard
*Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
Fortuin, George J.
Fulton, Robert Harry
Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
Fuss, June
Freitag, George
Freitag, John L.
Garner, William C.
Gau, William R.
Gill, Robert E.
Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
Gray, Harry S.
Gregg, Noel Dudley
Gregg, Robert D.
Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
Hagen, John H.
Hangel, Robert L.
Hannum, Robert
Hansen, Harold E.
Hansen, Robert J.
Harbert, Marvyn F.
Harling, Robert, Sgt.
Heg, Winslow
*Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
Henderson, William
Hendrich, John
Henning, Anne E.
Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
Hurley, Betty Best
Hurley, William R., Sgt.
Ingersoll ,Harold
Johannes, Henry C., Dr.
Johansonn, Eileen
Johnson, Lawrence
Jones, Lincoln H.
Kastner, Howard H.
Kemper, Calvin C.
Kiltz, Elwood E.
Klingler, Lambert H.
Klippel, Winifred
Kokoefer, E.
Kosner, James, Cpl.
Kramer, Hans
Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
Kredler, Stanley
Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
Kruskopf, George E.
Langley, Philip
Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
LaPointe, J. C.
Larsen, Vincent William
Lauletta, June Blair
Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
Leffler, Ruth
Lehnert, William A.
Lichtenebert, Rudolph
Maddox, Don, Cpl.
Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
Mason, Frank J.
McCord, Sarah Parks
Merrick, Jay
Merrill, Leslie
Meyer, James H., Capt.
Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
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Novotny, Anton
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*Osterberg, Robert
Paige, Charles
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Palo, Alfred C.
Palo, Clarence W.
Palo, Douglas L.
Parlette, William H.
Paschal, Edward
Perfumo, Leo A.
Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
Philbrick, Betty

Phillips, James E.
Phillips, Jim
Plumley, Robert
Plummer, Pauline M., R.N., 2nd Lt.
Poquette, Robert E.
Post, Clee S., Sgt.
Proud, Kurt, Lt.
Quesnall, Arthur
*Randall, Tabor Charles
Replogle, Jacob Estes
Riley, Lester G.
Roof, James H.
Rowley, L. C.
Rowley, Yale W.
Salamon, Rudolph E.
Sauser, Martin
Sauser, William
Schneller, James, Sgt.
Schnorr, Robert K.
Scholler, Robert W., Ens.
Schroeder, William
Schulten, Marjorie, Lt.
Schumacher, Arthur
*Sexton, Walter Scott
Shoberg, J. Bryant
Shurman, Frank M.
Sipe, Clinton R.
Smith, Donald Seth
Smith, George John
Stippe, Robert C.
Strand, Philip R.
Strand, Richard P.
Sweet, Mary Louise
*Taylor, Alfred
Terry, Duane R.
Thomas, Theodore Gaillard
Thompson, Jean
Tilles, Marie
*Tinling, H. John
Toepfer, Arthur E.
Vespermann, Bruce W.
Victorin, James R.
Voigtritter, Carl W.
Wagner, Foster
Walker, Leslie J.
Walska, Charles
Walters, William James
Weeger, Robert
Wegner, Gerhard
Weinberg, Sidney
Wendland, Robert John
Wenger, William J.
Wentz, Howard, Cpl.
Wesche, Charles, Jr.
Wesche, Orville
White, George A.
*Widener, Virgil Drew
Wiederer, Elmer Michael
Wiggins, Robert H.
Wilkins, E. J.
Willeumier, Henry
Willeumier, Mary
Williams, Arthur J.
Williamson, W. Ross
Wilson, Andrew C.
Wood, Robert, Jr.
Wood, Thomas, Jr.
Woods, Daniel Jack
Woods, James W., Jr.
Woods, Tom Lee
Yarrington, Mary Alice
York, Carroll D., Cpt.
Yous, Donald, Cpt.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

35th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) ..... 11:00 to 12:30

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall ..... 9:30 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not broadcast)
Opening Service November 3rd ..... 7:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES
Opening Lecture, November 6th ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Friday, Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting every two weeks in Anderson Hall) ..... 1:00 p.m.
Opening Luncheon, Monday, October 14th, Edgewater Beach Hotel ..... 12:30 p.m.
Dr. Preston Bradley, Speaker. Guest artists: Howard Berhalter, Bartione; Carlotta Vannes, Soprano; Sidney Stafford, Pianist. Honored guests: Mrs. Preston Bradley, Hon. Pres.; J. Bradley-Griffin, Dir. Uptown Players; Mrs. Jas. J. Reynolds, Pres. Em., 9th Dist.; Mrs. Charles S. Clark, Pres. Cl. Pres. & Prog. Chrmn.; Mrs. Jane Waters French, Pioneer Past President. Mrs. Anthony S. Kredler, Pres., Presiding.
Thursday evening, Oct. 24th—Homecoming Card Party, Anderson Hall. Mrs. E. M. Berger, Chrmn. · Mrs John H Baer, Co-Chairman. Cards and Games For Philanthropy ..... 8:00 p.m.
Monday, Oct. 28, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.
"Highlights of Conventions," Mrs. Wylls W. Hagen. Literature and Drama Dept., Mrs. Franklin Miller, Chrmn. An afternoon with Edna Means, Character Actress. Eric Braunig, Violinist, 1st Prize Winner at 1946 Music Festival. Mrs. Walter A. Stehle, Hostess.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting every 1st and 3rd Monday in Anderson Hall). Friday, October 4th, Benefit Theatre Party, jointly with Preston Bradley Veterans Organization, 11th St. Theatre, 66 E. 11th St., for benefit Uptown Players Building Fund ..... 8:00 p.m.
Monday, October 7th, Opening Meeting. Pan-American Council presents Geo. W. Massey, Exec. Sec., in an illustrated lecture on Latin-America, with question period following lecture.
Monday, October 21st, Guest Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley. Open Meeting. The public is invited ..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB (Meeting 4th Monday of the month in Anderson Hall) ..... 8:00 p.m.
Monday, September 30th, Opening meeting. Dr. Preston Bradley, Speaker.
Friday, October 18th, Men's Club, Usher's Club and the Choir hold joint Benefit Theatre Party for Uptown Players Building Fund, at 11th St. Theatre, 66 E. 11th St ..... 8:30 p.m.
Monday, October 28th, "Alcoholics Anonymous" will present a program for the Men's Club and their friends, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB (Meeting 2nd Tuesday of the month in Anderson Hall). Karl H. Lemke, Sec., 3536 N. Bosworth Ave., Bittersweet 3764 ..... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY VETERANS' ORGANIZATION (Meetings every 1st and 3rd Tuesday.)
Tuesday, October 22nd, Open meeting in church auditorium. Congressional Night. Discussion on "Congress and Post-War America." Speakers, Congressman Alexander Resa (D.) from 9th Dist. Ill. and Thomas L. Owens (R.) Candidate for Congress from 7th Dist. ..... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB (Meetings on notice.) Miss Mary Nordstrom, Sec.-Treas., 7737 W. Hortense (31) Newcastle 7185 ..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM of the Church School (Meeting second Monday of each month in Anderson Hall). Earl S. Neindorf, Pres., 1517 School St., Lakeview 7267 ..... 8:00 p.m.

THE CHOIR—Meets every Friday for practice in church auditorium. (Social meetings on notice.) Henry D. Ferguson, Pres., 2617 W. Berwyn Ave. (25) Sun. 2582 ..... 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas., 1642 N. Clark St., Mic. 7766. October Production, "Arsenic and Old Lace." See page 22 for detailed information.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning Service ..... 11:00 to 12:30

WLS—"Hymns of All Churches" (ABC Network—200 stations) ..... 10:30 a.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday ..... 6:00 p.m.

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